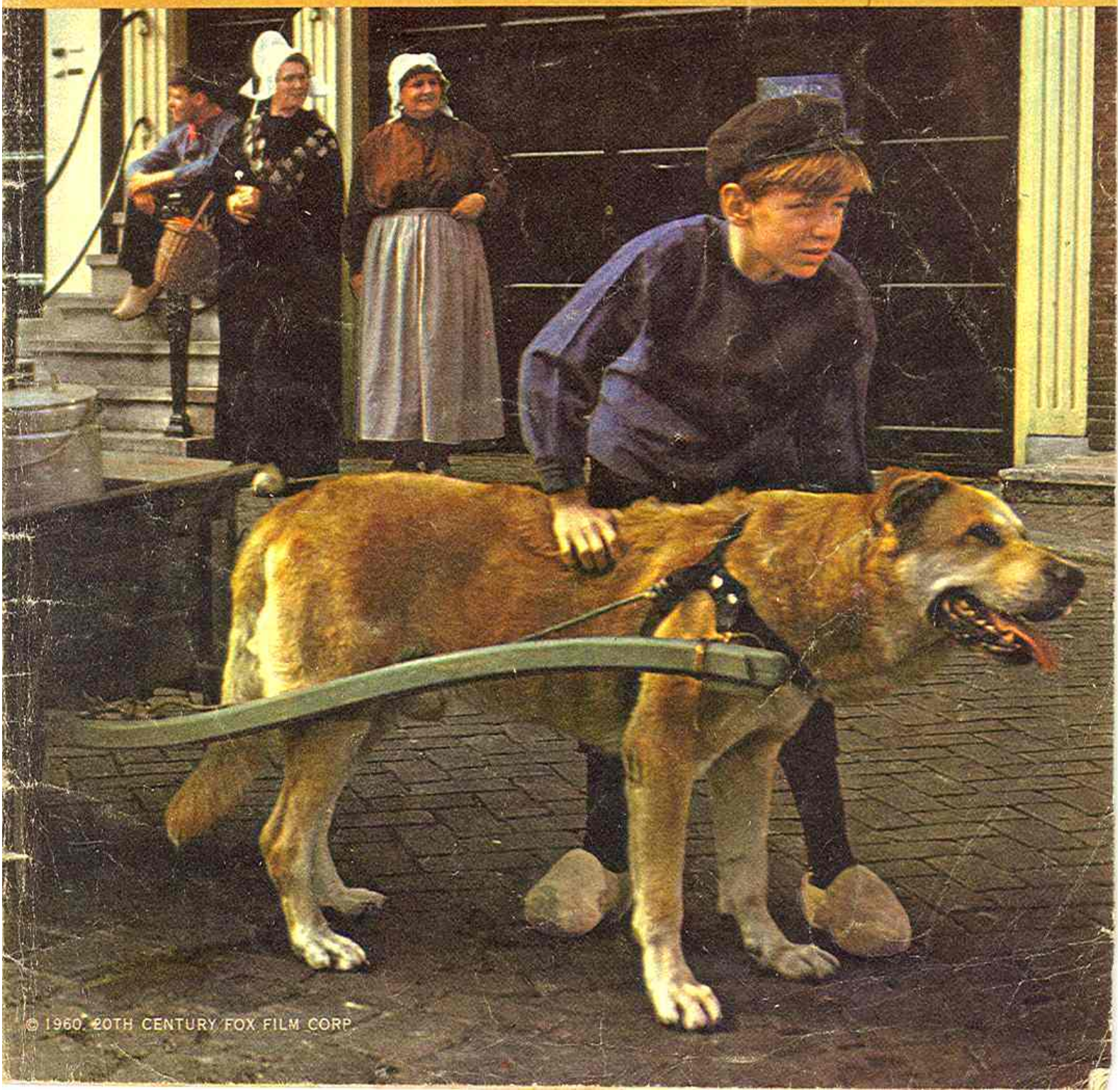
DELL
Movie Classic

NO. 1088
Still 10¢

A DOG OF FLANDERS

An abandoned dog and a homeless boy find courage to face the world together!



© 1960, 20TH CENTURY FOX FILM CORP.

20th CENTURY-FOX
Presents

A DOG OF FLANDERS

starring

DAVID LADD
DONALD CRISP
THEODORE BIKEL

with

MAX CROISET
SIOHBAN TAYLOR

MONIQUE AHRENS
"PATRASCHE"

Screenplay by
Ted Sherdeman

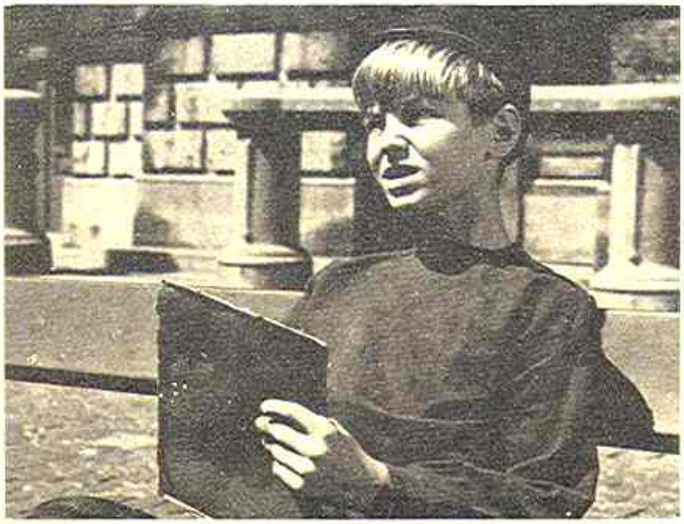
Based on the Novel by
OUIDA

Produced by Robert B. Radnitz

Directed by James B. Clark

A CINEMASCOPE PICTURE

Color by De Luxe



Young Nello has one driving ambition . . . to become an artist and paint like Peter Paul Rubens, the famous Flemish master.

But Herr Daas has another plan for his grandson . . . a plan which will mean more wealth than an artist could earn.

Momentarily, their plans are interrupted when they befriend a big unwanted dog and nurse him back to life and health.

It is then that the dog's former owner shows up, trying to claim the animal he had abandoned for dead.

Time, love, and kindness have won . . . the dog has found a new master . . . and it is the dog who makes his own choice.

A DOG OF FLANDERS

NEAR ANTWERP, BELGIUM, IN THE YEAR 1900, A YOUNG PEASANT BOY WATCHES WITH ODD FASCINATION AS THE PAINTER PUTS A SCENE ON CANVAS WITH DEFT STROKES. . .

NELLO! NELLO! ARE YOU DEAF, BOY? I'VE BEEN CALLING FOR YOU!

JUST A MINUTE MORE, GRANDPERE!

A DOG OF FLANDERS, No. 1088. Published by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Ave., New York 17, N. Y. George T. Delacorte, Jr., Publisher; Helen Meyer, President; Paul R. Lilly, Executive Vice-President; Harold Clark, Vice-Pres.-Advertising Director; Albert P. Delacorte, Treasurer. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Based on the motion picture "A Dog of Flanders." Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1960, by Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corporation.

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BUT IF I WIN THE CONTEST, GRANDPERE... WHY, YOU COULD HAVE LIMBURG CHEESE EVERY NIGHT!
CONTEST? WHAT CONTEST?

THE CHILDREN'S ART CONTEST IN ANTWERP! THE ONE THEY HAVE EVERY CHRISTMAS! THE WINNER GETS 200 FRANCS!

AT THAT MOMENT, FURTHER UP THE ROAD...
IF YOU EXPECT THAT DOG TO PULL YOUR LOAD ALL THE WAY TO THE FAIR, PEDDLER, YOU'D BEST GIVE HIM SOME WATER!
MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS, PEASANT!

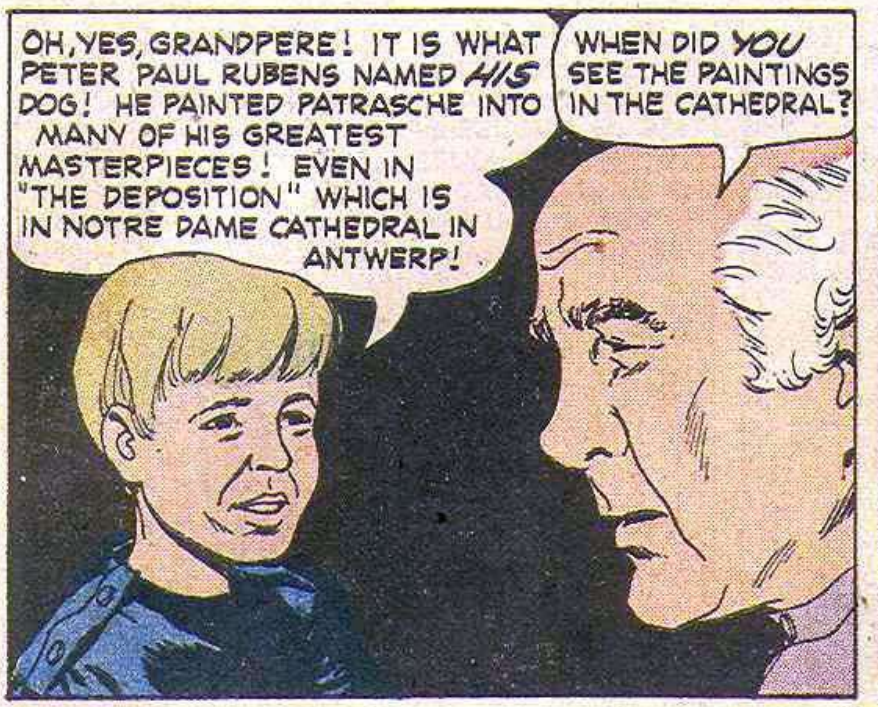
MONGREL! CUR! MOVE ON...

SUDDENLY, THE HELPLESS ANIMAL COLLAPSES...
GET UP! UNGRATEFUL BEAST!

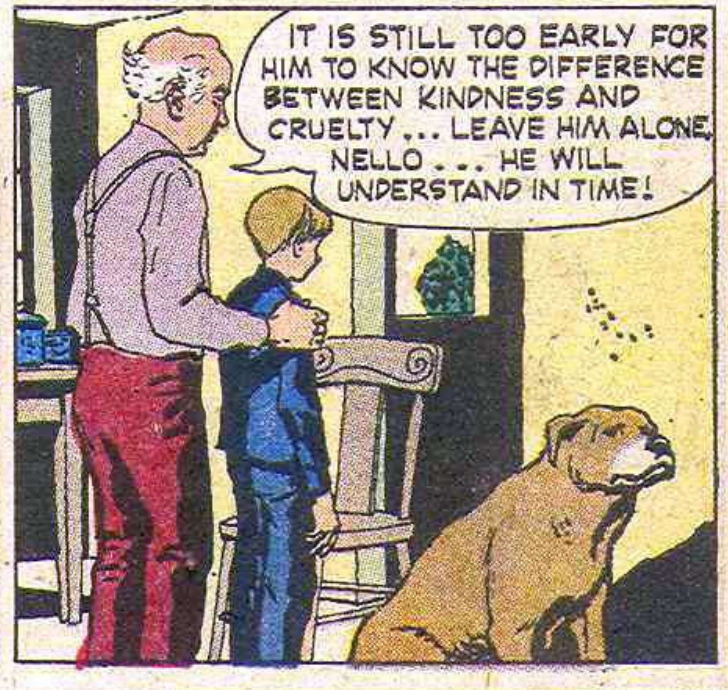
WORTHLESS MONGREL! I AM FINISHED WITH YOU!

PUSHING THE UNCONSCIOUS DOG INTO THE DITCH, THE CRUEL PEDDLER MOVES ON...

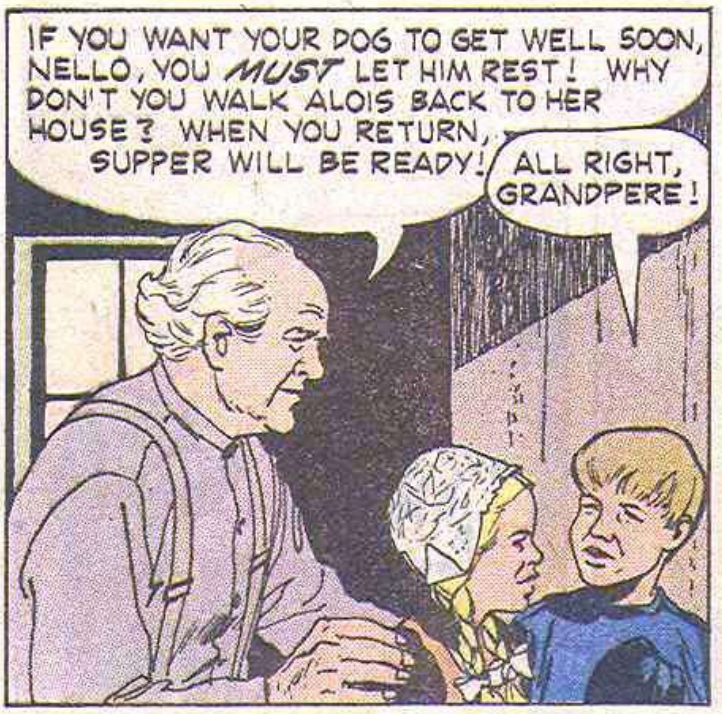
BUT NELLO'S PLEAS FINALLY ARE GRANTED...



WHEN THE DOG AWAKENS, NELLO TRIES TO GIVE HIM WATER...



TOWARD EVENING, NELLO HAS A VISITOR...


IF YOU WANT YOUR DOG TO GET WELL SOON, NELLO, YOU MUST LET HIM REST! WHY DON'T YOU WALK ALOIS BACK TO HER HOUSE? WHEN YOU RETURN, SUPPER WILL BE READY!
ALL RIGHT, GRANDPERE!

PATRASCHE, YOU MUST UNDERSTAND SOMETHING RIGHT OFF! IF YOU LIVE WITH MY GRANDSON AND ME, YOU MUST LEARN THIS IS A HOUSE OF LOVE! IT IS A POOR HOUSE...BUT WE SHARE WHAT WE HAVE! SO BE IT! YOU ARE NOW PART OF THIS SMALL FAMILY!

MEANWHILE...
DO YOU REALLY THINK YOU'LL BECOME AN ARTIST, NELLO?
I KNOW I WILL! I KNOW IT AS SURE AS I KNOW MY DOG WILL SOON BE WELL!

WATCHING FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE IS ALOIS' FATHER, ONE OF THE WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE COMMUNITY...
IT IS ALOIS WITH THAT PEDDLER BOY!
HE IS A NICE YOUNGSTER!

BUT HOW DO YOU THINK IT LOOKS FOR THE DAUGHTER OF BASS COGEZ TO BE SEEN WITH A MILK PEDDLER?
ALOIS AND NELLO HAVE BEEN PLAYMATES FOR YEARS...IT IS NO SIN THAT HE AND HIS GRANDFATHER ARE POOR!

STILL, WE MUST ENCOURAGE HER TO SEE LESS OF HIM! ALOIS SHOULD MEET OTHER CHILDREN...BOYS WITH STANDING HERE AND A PROSPEROUS FUTURE!

THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT, YOUNG NELLO KEEPS A WATCHFUL VIGIL ON HIS DOG...

HE IS SLEEPING SO PEACEFULLY ...SOON HE WILL BE WELL AGAIN!

AND WHEN MORNING COMES...

LOOK, GRANDPERE! HE HAS EATEN ALL HIS FOOD! AND SO FAR, HE'S ONLY GROWLED TWICE AT ME!

THAT IS A GOOD SIGN!

AND NOW EAT, BOY...WE MUST HURRY OR WE WILL BE LATE GETTING THE MILK!

I'LL HURRY!

BUT NELLO FINDS IT HARD TO LEAVE HIS DOG...

HURRY, NELLO!

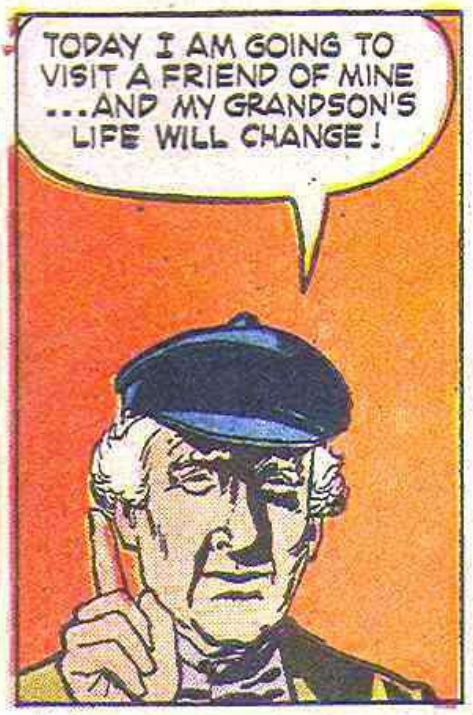
REST WELL, PATRASCHE! WE WILL BE BACK AT SUPPERTIME!

AT THE MARKET PLACE IN ANTWERP, NELLO'S DREAMS ONCE AGAIN RETURN TO ART...

AH, I SEE THE BOY STILL DREAMS OF BEING AN ARTIST, HERR DAAS...

HE DRAWS PICTURES ALL THE TIME, BUT TODAY, PERHAPS, THINGS WILL BE DIFFERENT...

Art

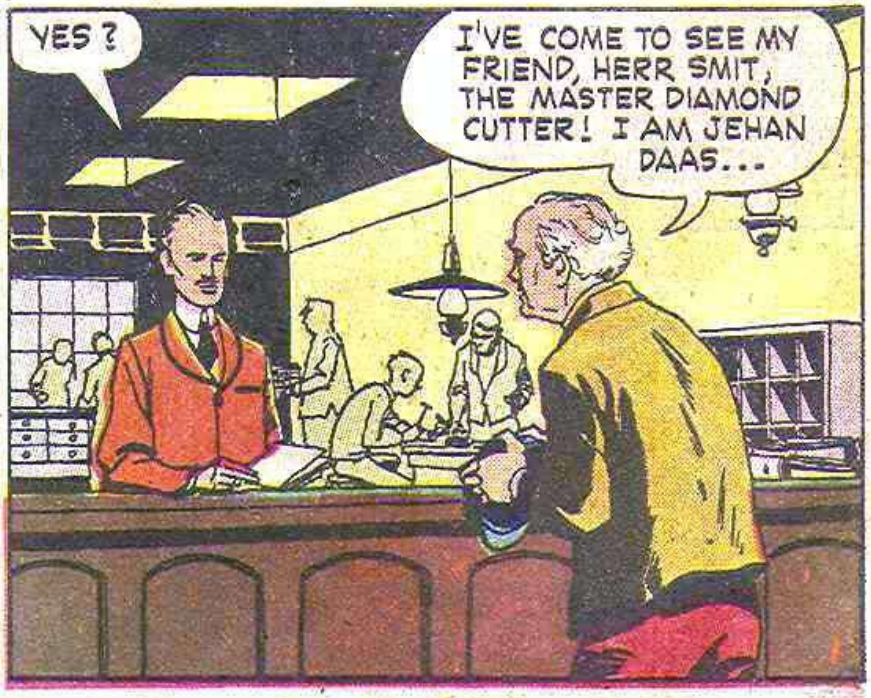

TODAY I AM GOING TO VISIT A FRIEND OF MINE ...AND MY GRANDSON'S LIFE WILL CHANGE!

LATER, THEIR MILK ROUNDS NEARLY FINISHED, THE PAIR REST IN THE SQUARE...
WE SHOULD MAKE A HABIT TO STOP ONCE IN A WHILE AND TAKE ADVANTAGE OF ALL THE THINGS THAT COST US NOTHING... SUCH BEAUTY IN THE WORLD!
I KNOW, GRANDPERE... IT IS LIKE THAT WHEN I DRAW THINGS!

YOU STAY HERE, BOY... ENJOY YOURSELF! I HAVE SOME BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

NEVER MIND... I WON'T BE LONG! AND DON'T GO RUNNING OFF TO SEE THOSE RUBENS PAINTINGS IN THE CATHEDRAL! I EXPECT TO FIND YOU HERE WHEN I COME BACK!
I'LL BE HERE, GRANDPERE!

THE OLD MAN LIMPS TO A BUILDING IN THE DIAMOND CUTTING DISTRICT OF TOWN...
AH, HERE IT IS!
DIAMOND CUTTING BY KURT


YES?
I'VE COME TO SEE MY FRIEND, HERR SMIT, THE MASTER DIAMOND CUTTER! I AM JEHAN DAAS...

SMIT AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS... WE WERE IN THE ARMY TOGETHER! HERR SMIT TOLD ME THAT WHEN MY GRANDSON WAS TWO MONTHS PAST HIS TWELFTH BIRTHDAY, HE WOULD BE EMPLOYED HERE AS AN APPRENTICE! TODAY IT IS TWO MONTHS!

THE BOY IS WAITING FOR ME IN THE SQUARE ...I CAN HAVE HIM HERE IN A FEW MOMENTS AND...
BUT HAVEN'T YOU HEARD, HERR DAAS? HERR SMIT WAS DROWNED IN A BOATING ACCIDENT TWO WEEKS AGO!

DROWNED? BUT...
I AM SORRY, HERR DAAS!

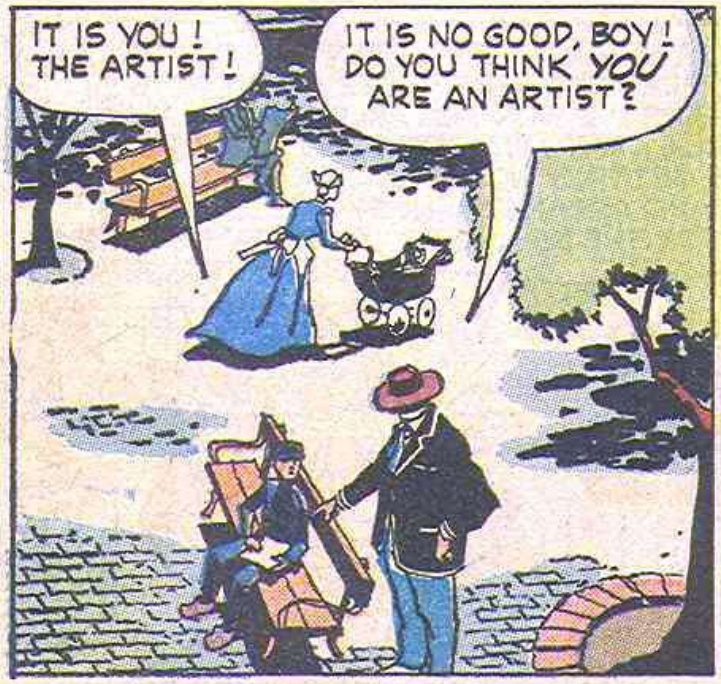
BUT MY GRANDSON...HE WAS TO BECOME AN APPRENTICE, LIKE THOSE OTHER BOYS IN THERE! I WON'T BE ABLE TO PULL MY MILK CART MUCH LONGER...MY LEG IS GETTING WORSE...I HAVE TO MAKE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE BOY...
I KNEW NOTHING OF SUCH ARRANGEMENTS!

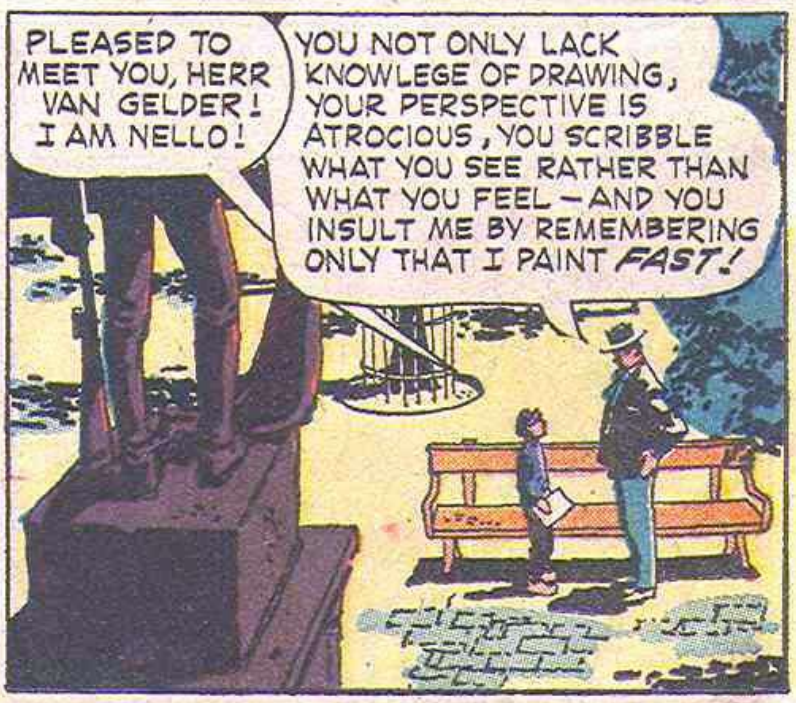
I'M SORRY...BUT THERE IS NOTHING I CAN DO!
BUT NELLO IS SMART! HE WILL WORK HARD...HE...

WE'VE NO PLACE FOR ANY MORE APPRENTICE DIAMOND CUTTERS! GOOD DAY, HERR DAAS!

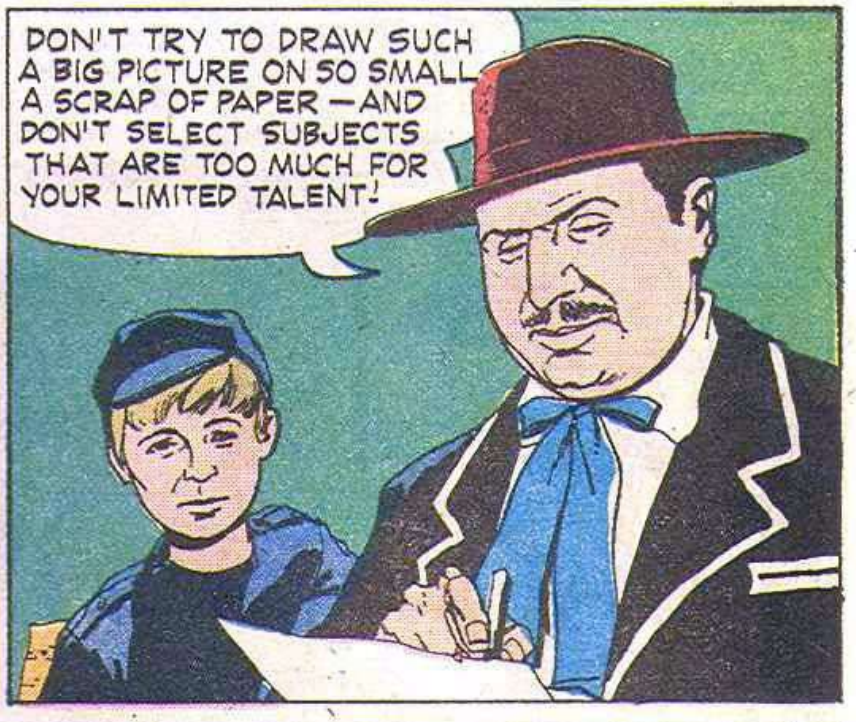
AS HE DEPARTS, HERR DAAS FIGHTS BACK TEARS OF DISAPPOINTMENT...

IN THE SQUARE, NELLO SUFFERS A DIFFERENT KIND OF DISAPPOINTMENT...

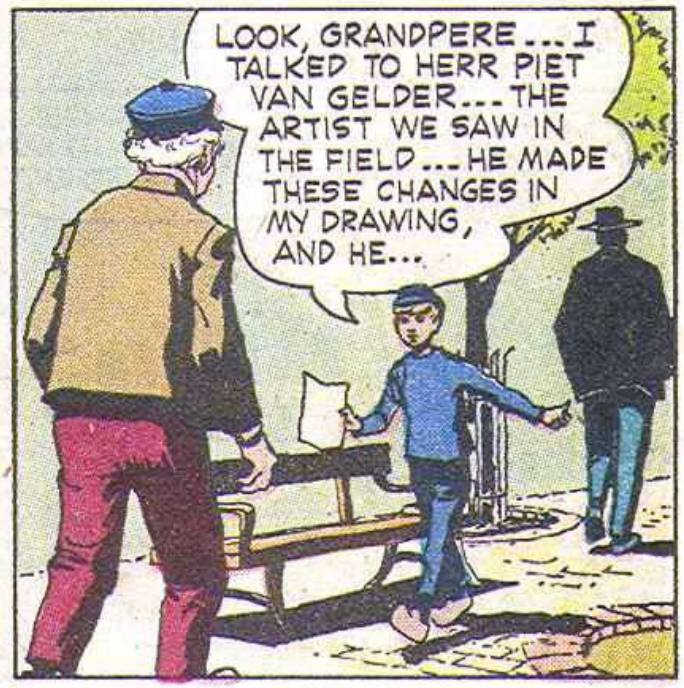




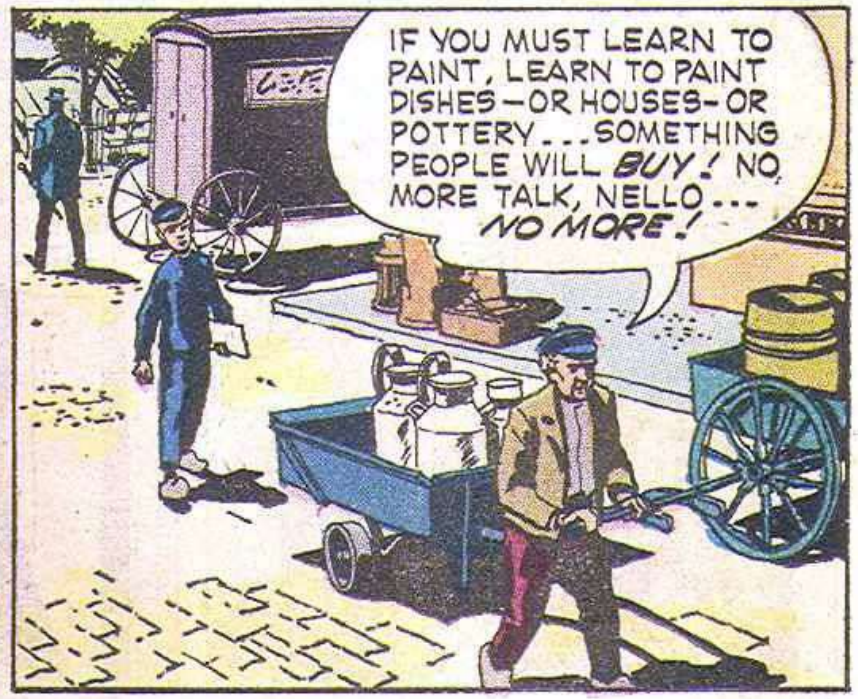
I DIDN'T MEAN TO...
GIVE ME THAT!

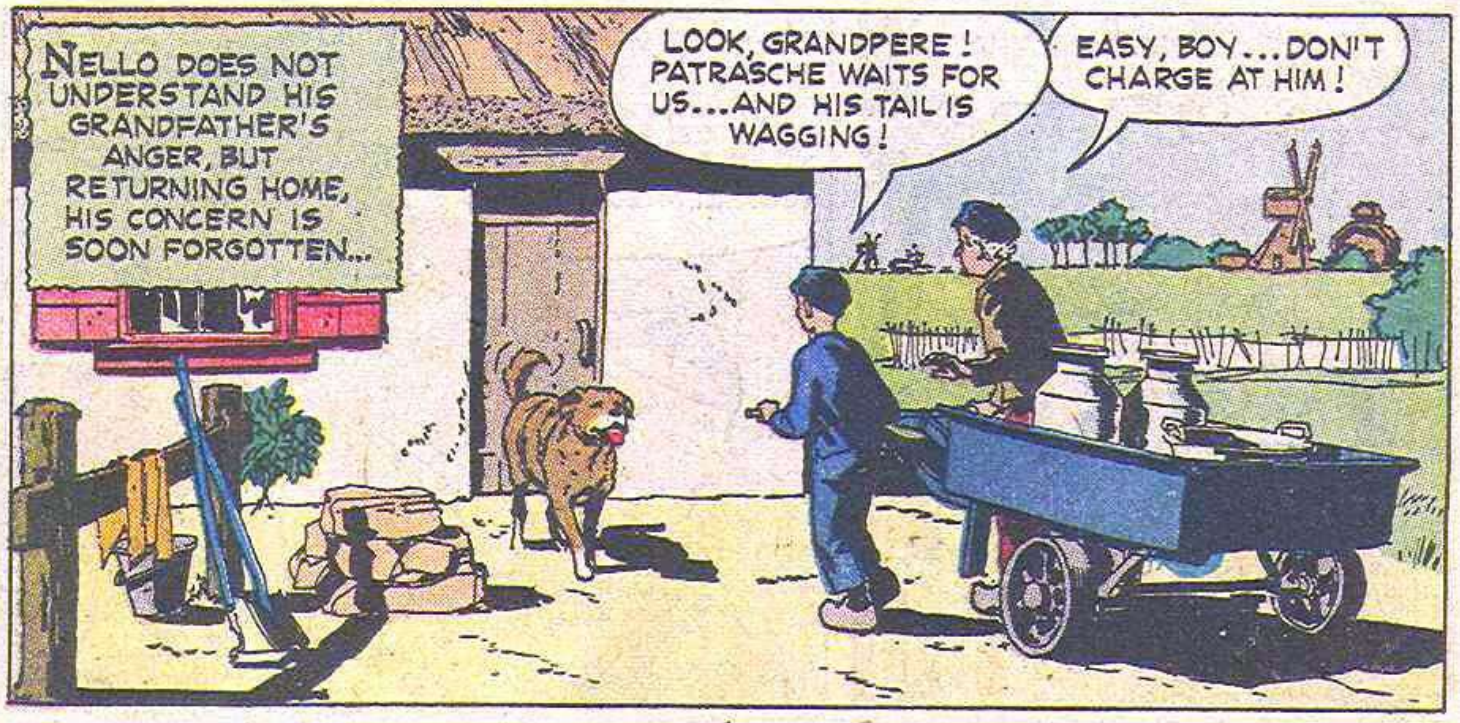

DON'T TRY TO DRAW SUCH A BIG PICTURE ON SO SMALL A SCRAP OF PAPER — AND DON'T SELECT SUBJECTS THAT ARE TOO MUCH FOR YOUR LIMITED TALENT!

THERE! STUDY THAT AND LEARN SOMETHING! IT'S NOT ENOUGHT TO SEE... YOU MUST *FEEL* WHAT YOU SEE!
THANK YOU, HERR VAN GELDER!


LOOK, GRANDPERE... I TALKED TO HERR PIET VAN GELDER... THE ARTIST WE SAW IN THE FIELD... HE MADE THESE CHANGES IN MY DRAWING, AND HE...

THAT'S ENOUGH! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT DRAWING!


IF YOU MUST LEARN TO PAINT, LEARN TO PAINT DISHES — OR HOUSES — OR POTTERY... SOMETHING PEOPLE WILL *BUY!* NO MORE TALK, NELLO... *NO MORE!*



TIMIDLY, NELLO HOLDS OUT HIS HAND TO THE DOG...

MUCH TO HIS SURPRISE, THE DOG RESPONDS...

THAT EVENING...

EVERY MONTH HE COMES FOR THE RENT, NELLO... AND EVERY MONTH HE ASKS ABOUT THE BED... BUT I CANNOT SELL! THE BED... AND MY FEW SOUVENIRS... THEY'LL BE YOURS SOMEDAY, BOY! NOT MUCH, BUT ALL I HAVE!

DID I EVER TELL YOU OF HOW THE GREAT NAPOLEON SHOOK MY HAND AND PERSONALLY ORDERED MY PROMOTION TO SERGEANT-MAJOR?
YES, GRANDPERE ...YOU HAVE TOLD ME MANY TIMES!

I AM SO TIRED, MY BOY... TONIGHT I MUST SLEEP AND REGAIN MY STRENGTH...
GRANDPERE SEEMS SO STRANGE... AS IF HE IS WORRIED ABOUT SOMETHING! IF I ONLY KNEW HOW TO MAKE HIM WELL...

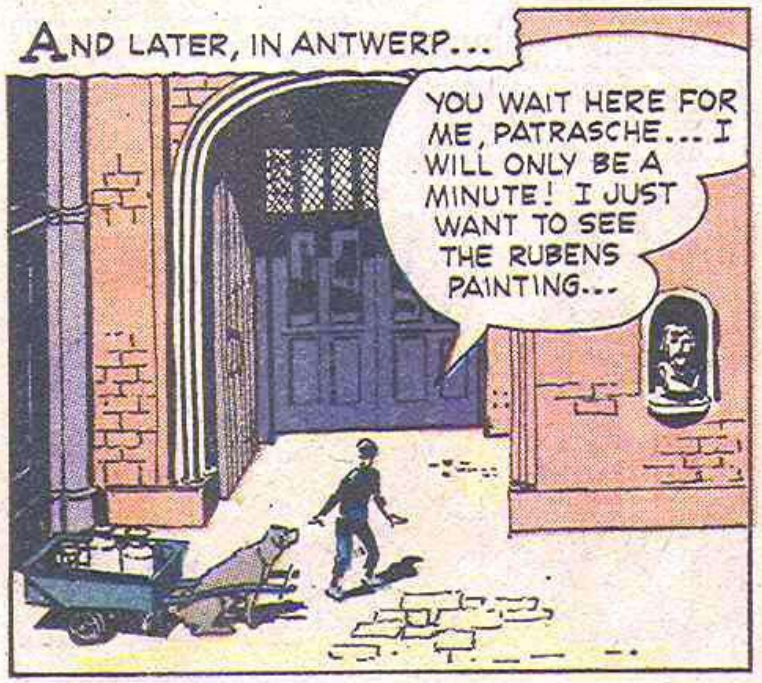
THE NEXT MORNING...
GRANDPERE... LOOK! HE WANTS TO PULL THE CART! HE WANTS TO HELP US!
SO HE DOES, NELLO! BUT I'M OPPOSED TO USING A DOG AS A DRAUGHT ANIMAL!
WOOF! WOOF!

BUT HE WANTS TO, GRANDPERE! NOW THINGS WILL BE BETTER!
WELL, IF HE INSISTS... SO BE IT, DOG! AND IT WILL MAKE THINGS EASIER...

SUDDENLY...
GRANDPERE! WHAT IS IT?
MY LEG... IT... IT'S NO GOOD FOR ANYTHING ANY MORE!

YOU STAY HOME AND REST TODAY...PATRASCHE AND I CAN DELIVER THE MILK!
I WILL BE WELL TOMORROW, BOY...

THROUGHOUT THE DAY, NELLO AND PATRASCHE WORK HARD...
GRANDPERE WILL BE PROUD OF US, PATRASCHE! TOGETHER, WE CAN TAKE CARE OF THE BUSINESS!
WOOF!


AND LATER, IN ANTWERP...
YOU WAIT HERE FOR ME, PATRASCHE... I WILL ONLY BE A MINUTE! I JUST WANT TO SEE THE RUBENS PAINTING...

BUT AS NELLO ENTERS THE CATHEDRAL...
THAT DOG! IT IS MINE!

SO, YOU MONGREL, SOMEONE HAS BEEN USING YOU TO PULL *ANOTHER* CART! IT IS TIME YOU CAME TO SERVE ME AGAIN...
GRRRRRRRRR!

STOP! LEAVE MY DOG ALONE!

GET AWAY FROM HIM!
THIS CUR BELONGS TO ME, BOY!

GET AWAY, BOY! I GOT TO TEACH THIS MONGREL A LESSON!

AS HARTOG LIFTS HIS CANE TO HIT THE DOG AGAIN, NELLO'S FRIEND COMES TO THE RESCUE...
THAT'S ENOUGH!

BEATERS OF ANIMALS AND CHILDREN DESERVE NOTHING BETTER THAN THIS! I SHOULD KNOCK YOUR HEAD AGAINST THE WALL!

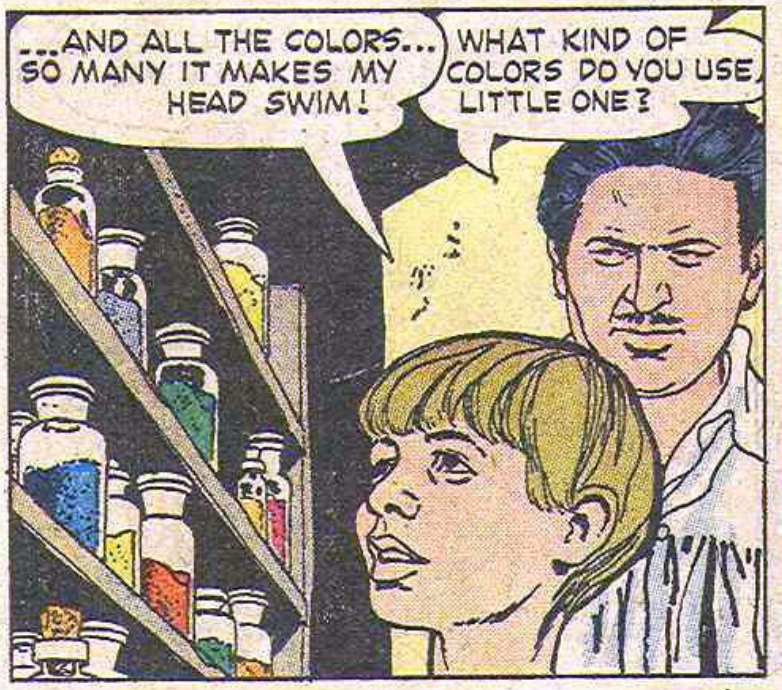
BUT IT IS MY DOG...
THE DOG IS *HIS!* NOW GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I BEAT YOU WITH YOUR OWN CANE!

COME ALONG, MY LITTLE BUDDING ARTIST... WE'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR BRUISES!
I'LL GET THAT DOG BACK... THEY'LL FIND OUT!

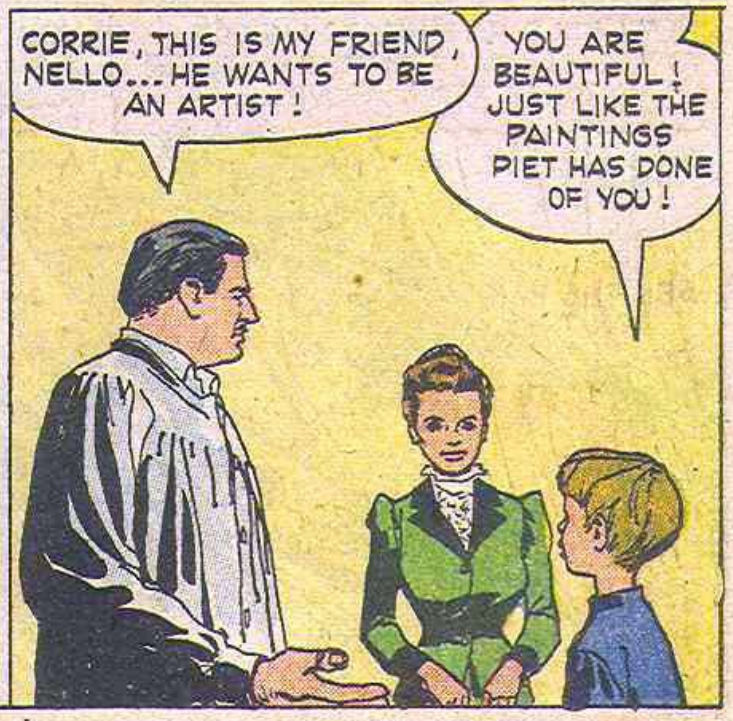
SOON, AT PIET'S STUDIO...

THERE, NOW... IT IS ALL BETTER! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT MAN... THE LAW WOULD NOT ALLOW HIM TO HAVE A DOG BACK THAT HE GAVE UP FOR DEAD!

HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS STUDIO IS... AND THE PAINTINGS... THEY ARE MAGNIFICENT!



AS NELLO AND PIET TALK, THE DOOR OPENS...
SORRY I'M LATE, PIET...


CORRIE, THIS IS MY FRIEND, NELLO... HE WANTS TO BE AN ARTIST!
YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL! JUST LIKE THE PAINTINGS PIET HAS DONE OF YOU!

AND YOU ARE A TRUE GENTLEMEN, NELLO... I LOVE YOU... SOMEDAY WHEN YOU ARE AN ARTIST I WILL BE *YOUR* MODEL... BUT YOU MUST GROW UP FAST, BEFORE I AM OLD!
ENOUGH OF YOUR TALK, CORRIE... WE HAVE WORK TO DO!

I MUST BE GOING, SIR...
SO SOON?

BUT TAKE THESE WITH YOU... SOME DECENT PAPER, A DRAWING PEN AND INK...
OH, THANK YOU, HERR VAN GELDER!

NOW, GO DESTROY YOURSELF... FIND OUT THAT ANY FOOL CAN DRAW... ONLY A FEW BECOME *ARTISTS!*
PIET IS ONLY ANGRY WITH HIMSELF AND THAT IS WHY HE TRIES TO TAKE IT OUT ON YOU, NELLO ... DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO HIM!

AS NELLO HARNESSES HIS DOG TO THE MILK CART, PIET VAN GELDER WATCHES FROM ABOVE...
YOU WERE RIGHT, CORRIE... IT IS ONLY MYSELF I AM ANGRY WITH BECAUSE MY PAINTINGS ARE NOT GOING WELL! THERE IS A GRUBBY LITTLE ORPHAN BOY, LIVING WITH A DYING GRANDFATHER... POOR... AND YET WITH A FRESHNESS OF VISION THAT SEEMS TO BELONG ONLY TO CHILDREN WHO FIND ALL THE WORLD NEW, BRIGHT AND WONDERFUL... HE MAY BE AN ARTIST YET!

THAT NIGHT, AT THE DAAS HUT...
...AND PLEASE, GOD, MAKE GRANDPERE'S LEG WELL... AND BLESS HERR VAN GELDER FOR THE KINDNESS HE HAS SHOWN ME... AMEN...

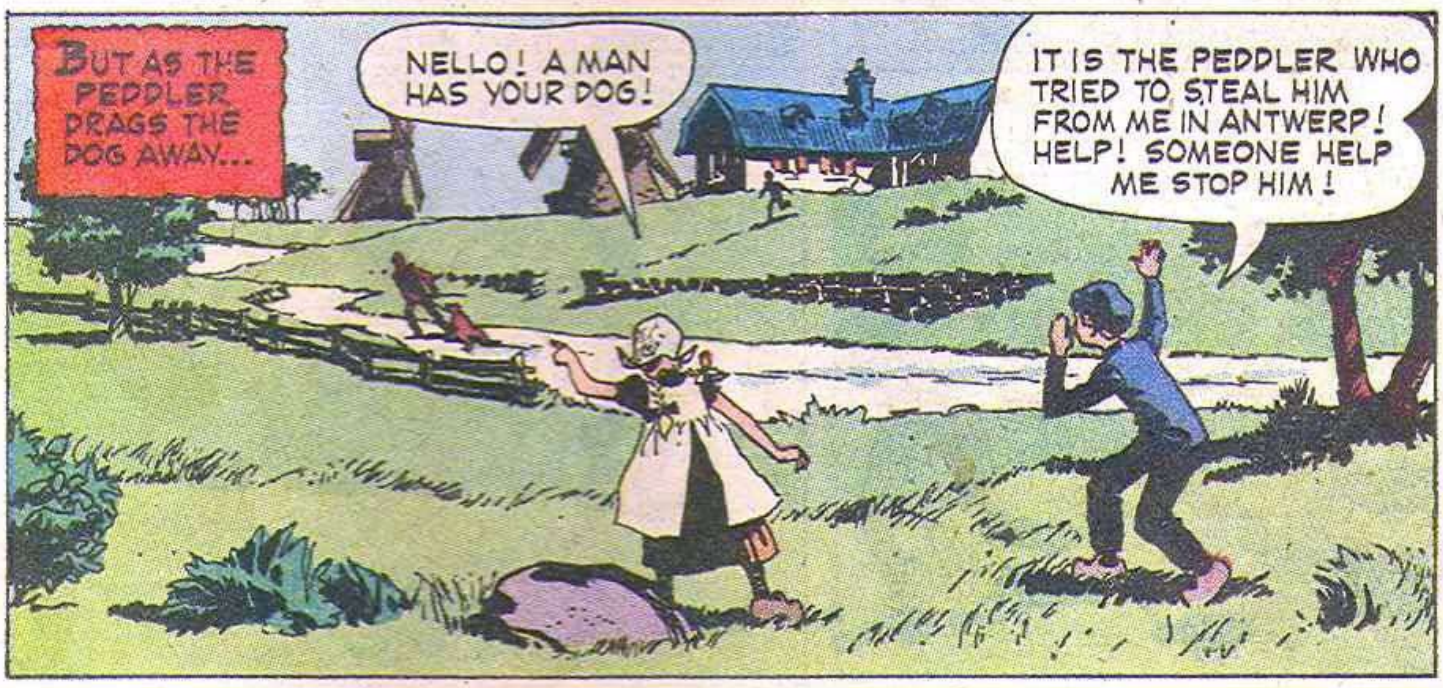
THE NEXT DAY...
PLEASE SIT STILL, ALOIS... HOW CAN I DRAW YOU WHEN YOU KEEP MOVING?
MY NOSE ITCHES!

HOW CAN YOU EVER BE AN ARTIST'S MODEL, LIKE HERR VAN GELDER'S, IF YOU DON'T SIT STILL?

AS NELLO DRAWS, HE IS UNAWARE OF WHAT IS HAPPENING JUST A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
THIS TIME HE WILL NOT ESCAPE ME!

GRRRR!

COME ALONG, YOU MISERABLE CUR!
GRRRR!


BUT AS THE PEDDLER DRAGS THE DOG AWAY...
NELLO! A MAN HAS YOUR DOG!
IT IS THE PEDDLER WHO TRIED TO STEAL HIM FROM ME IN ANTWERP! HELP! SOMEONE HELP ME STOP HIM!

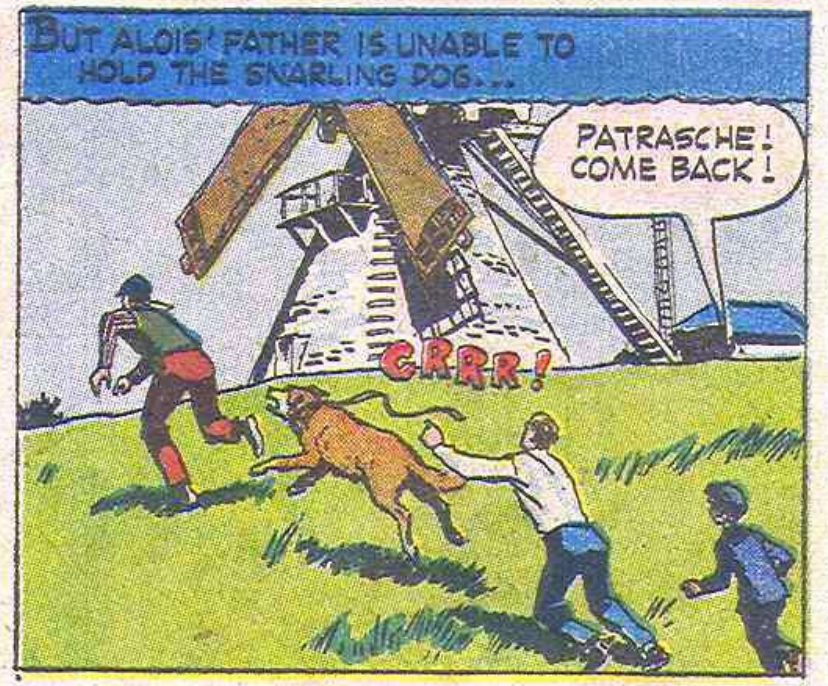
AND ALOIS' FATHER RESPONDS TO NELLO'S CALL...
STOP HIM, FATHER! HE IS TRYING TO STEAL NELLO'S DOG!

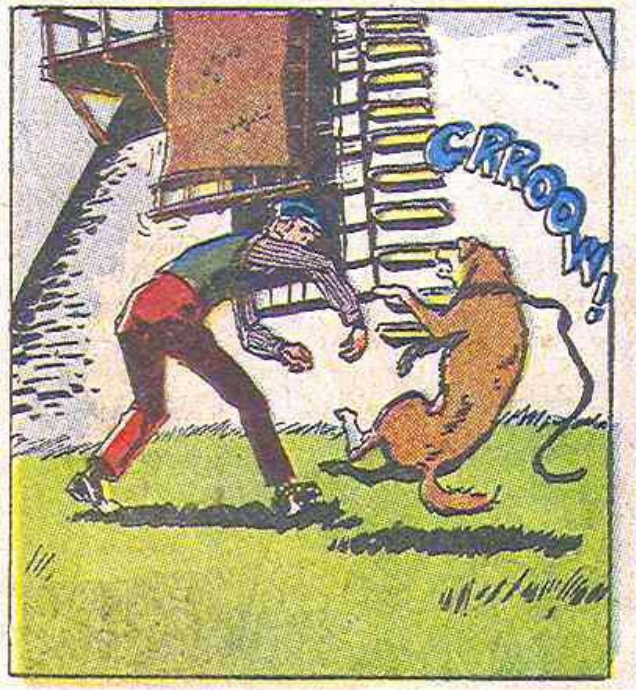
STAY BACK... THIS IS MY DOG!
HE LIES! HE LIES! AND EVEN IF PATRASCHE EVER DID BELONG TO HIM, HE DIDN'T DESERVE HIM! HE LEFT HIM IN A DITCH TO DIE...

UNMUZZLE THE DOG...LET HIM BE THE JUDGE! LET'S SEE HOW WELL HE REMEMBERS YOUR KINDNESS TO HIM...
BUT I...I SWEAR I LOVED THIS DOG...HE WAS STOLEN FROM ME!

UNMUZZLE HIM! IF YOU WERE THE KIND OF MASTER YOU CLAIM TO BE, YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR!

WHEN THE MUZZLE IS FREE...
DON'T LET LOOSE... HE...HE'LL KILL ME!
GRRROOW!

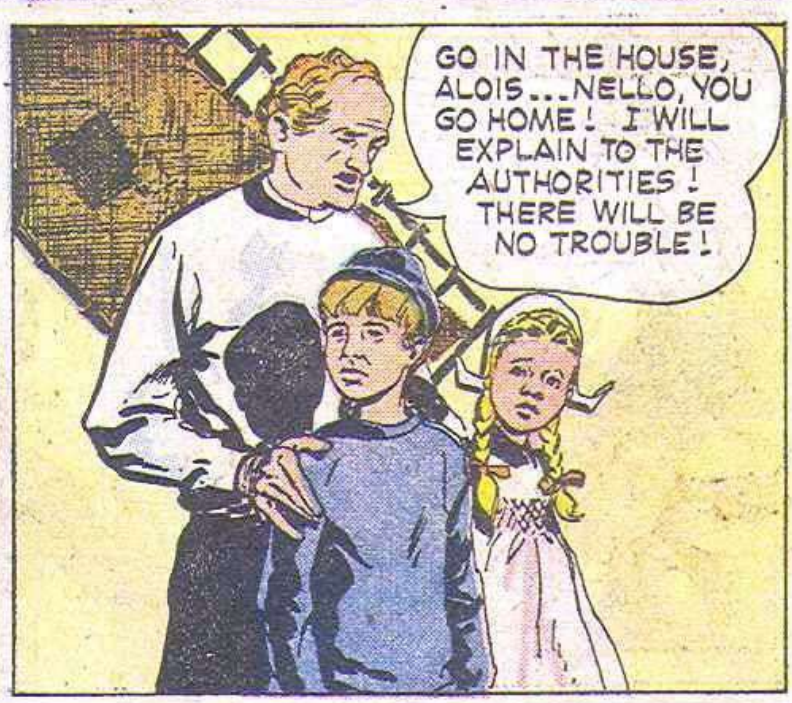

BUT ALOIS' FATHER IS UNABLE TO HOLD THE SNARLING DOG...
PATRASCHE! COME BACK!
GRRR!


GRROOW!

HA! STUPID MONGREL... NOW YOU CANNOT GET ME!

THE PEDDLER JEERS AT THE DOG, UNAWARE OF THE WINDMILL SAIL DESCENDING TOWARD HIM...
CUR! WORTHLESS CUR!
LOOK OUT!

THE MAN IS DEAD!
OH, NO!


GO IN THE HOUSE, ALOIS...NELLO, YOU GO HOME! I WILL EXPLAIN TO THE AUTHORITIES! THERE WILL BE NO TROUBLE!

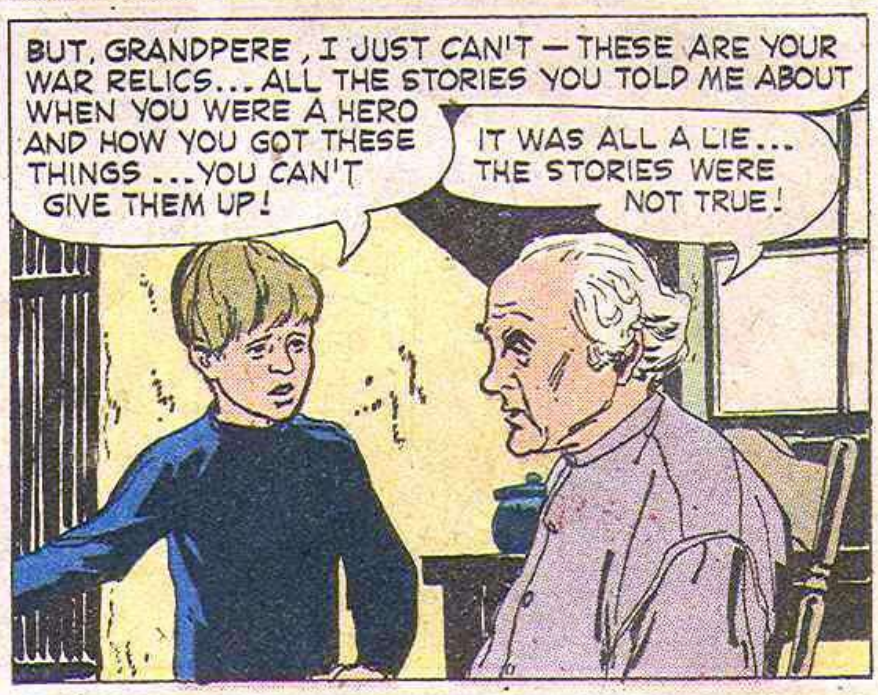
BUT DON'T COME BACK, BOY... DO YOU HEAR? I'M FORBIDDING ALOIS TO SEE YOU ANY MORE! STAY AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE!

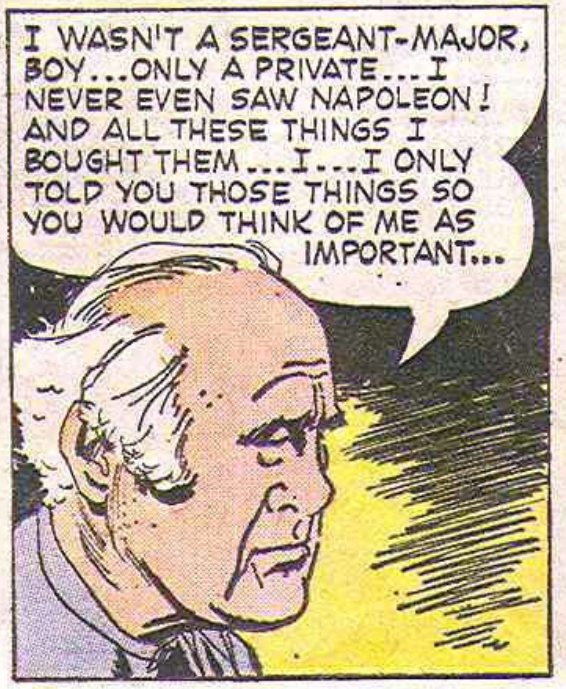
SAD AND BEWILDERED, NELLO RETURNS HOME WITH PATRASCHE...
IT WAS NOT YOUR FAULT, PATRASCHE...NO ONE COULD KNOW THIS WOULD HAPPEN...

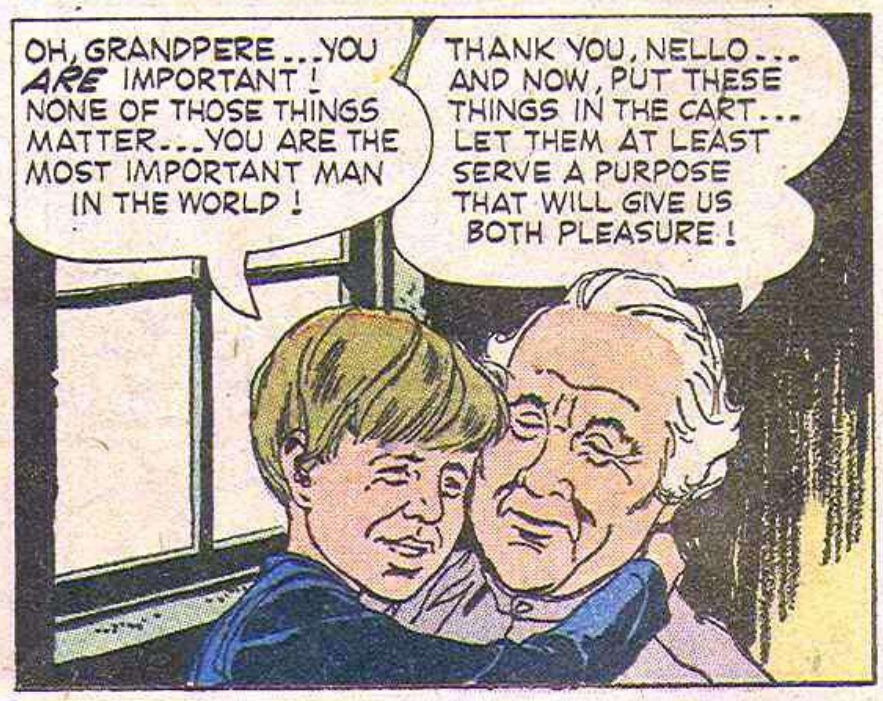
BUT AS TIME GOES ON, NELLO'S UNHAPPINESS DOES NOT GO UNNOTICED BY HIS GRANDFATHER, AND ONE DAY THE OLD MAN MAKES A DECISION...
GRANDPERE, WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
PACKING UP THESE OLD THINGS OF MINE, NELLO...

TOMORROW YOU'RE TO TAKE ALL THIS INTO ANTWERP AND SELL IT!
BUT SELL THOSE THINGS? I...

I DON'T KNOW WHY YOU WISH TO BECOME AN ARTIST, BUT I'LL NO LONGER TRY TO DISCOURAGE YOU...WITH THE MONEY YOU GET FROM THESE THINGS, YOU CAN BUY REAL PAINTS AND BRUSHES...


BUT, GRANDPERE, I JUST CAN'T — THESE ARE YOUR WAR RELICS... ALL THE STORIES YOU TOLD ME ABOUT WHEN YOU WERE A HERO AND HOW YOU GOT THESE THINGS ...YOU CAN'T GIVE THEM UP!
IT WAS ALL A LIE... THE STORIES WERE NOT TRUE!


I WASN'T A SERGEANT-MAJOR, BOY...ONLY A PRIVATE...I NEVER EVEN SAW NAPOLEON! AND ALL THESE THINGS I BOUGHT THEM...I...I ONLY TOLD YOU THOSE THINGS SO YOU WOULD THINK OF ME AS IMPORTANT...


OH, GRANDPERE...YOU ARE IMPORTANT! NONE OF THOSE THINGS MATTER...YOU ARE THE MOST IMPORTANT MAN IN THE WORLD!
THANK YOU, NELLO... AND NOW, PUT THESE THINGS IN THE CART... LET THEM AT LEAST SERVE A PURPOSE THAT WILL GIVE US BOTH PLEASURE!

THE FOLLOWING EVENING, AS NELLO RETURNS FROM ANTWERP...

CHEESE...BREAD...BUT WHAT IS ALL THIS?

IT'S LIMBURG... ENOUGH TO LAST YOU A LONG TIME!

BUT YOUR ART SUPPLIES... DID YOU...

I ONLY NEED ONE BRUSH, GRANDPERE ...ANYWAY, THEY ARE VERY EXPENSIVE!

NOW, THEN... SIT DOWN AND HAVE SOME LIMBURG WITH ME!

I CAN'T EVEN GET CLOSE ENOUGH TO TASTE IT!

A SHORT TIME LATER, AS NELLO VISITS WITH HIS FRIEND PIET VAN GELDER...

IT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT EXHIBIT OF THE YEAR...AND I AM ONLY ALLOWED TO ENTER TWO PAINTINGS...

SUCH A DECISION... I LIKE ALL OF THEM!

HELP ME...DON'T FLATTER ME! I MUST DECIDE!

I KNOW ONE THAT I WOULD CHOOSE...

THIS IS MY FAVORITE!

THAT? IT'S SO SMALL, NOBODY WOULD EVEN NOTICE IT!

SMALL IN SIZE, HERR VAN GELDER ...BUT IT IS A BIG PAINTING... BIG IN BEAUTY!
HMMM...PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT... SUCH A SMALL BOY TO BE SUCH AN UNDERSTANDING CRITIC!

BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? ARE YOU STILL GOING TO ENTER THE CHILDREN'S ART CONTEST?
I DON'T KNOW YET...I...I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING GOOD SO FAR...

HERE—SEE WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU USE PAINT!
YOU...YOU PAINT WITH A KNIFE?

OF COURSE! KNIVES, BRUSHES, FINGERNAILS...I WOULD PAINT WITH MY TEETH IF I THOUGHT IT WOULD HELP! GO AHEAD... TRY IT...

THAT'S IT...BUT BE BOLD, BOY...DON'T BE AFRAID OF IT... LET YOUR STROKES BE GUIDED BY WHAT YOU FEEL...

HERE...RED...YELLOW... BLUE...AND SOME BRUSHES ...THESE ARE FOR YOU!
I...I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY...

SAY NOTHING, BOY... JUST GO HOME AND PAINT! SOMEDAY YOU WILL BE STRUGGLING WITH A PAINTING AND YOU WILL SAY — "BETTER HE SHOULD HAVE GIVEN ME DIRT THAN THESE COLORS..."
OH, NO, HERR VAN GELDER! I WOULD NEVER THINK SUCH A THING...

THE BOY DOES NOT DISCOURAGE, CORRIE ...I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO LET HIM FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF...
I'M GLAD, PIET... YOU ARE BAD TEMPERED AND IRRITABLE... BUT YOU HAVE A GOOD HEART! I THINK PERHAPS I LOVE YOU...

A FEW DAYS LATER...
AH, VERY PRETTY...
ONLY THE COLORS ARE PRETTY! IT'S A VERY BAD PAINTING, GRANDPERE!

BUT NOW I WANT TO FINISH THIS DRAWING OF YOU AND PATRASCHE...
IT IS NO PROBLEM TO SIT STILL, BOY... THE SUN FEELS GOOD TODAY...

DON'T MAKE ME LOOK TOO OLD...

NELLO WORKS EARNESTLY ON THE DRAWING...
THERE... IT IS ALMOST FINISHED...

AND SOON...
IT'S DONE, GRANDPERE! WAKE UP... THE SUN IS GONE AND YOU'LL CATCH COLD...

BUT DAAS DOES NOT AWAKEN, AND FINALLY NELLO UNDERSTANDS...
HE IS DEAD... GRANDPERE...OH, GRANDPERE...

NELLO IS ALONE NOW, WITH ONLY HIS DOG, PATRASCHE...AND ONE NIGHT, A FEW WEEKS LATER...
COME IN, BAAS MULDER!
I WAS SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT YOUR GRANDFATHER, NELLO...

BUT LIFE GOES ON...AND WE MUST FACE TODAY'S PROBLEMS! I'M SURE YOU UNDERSTAND THAT I CAN'T AFFORD TO LET YOU LIVE HERE FOR NOTHING... I HEAR YOU LOST SOME OF YOUR MILK CUSTOMERS!..

THERE WILL BE NEW ONES, BAAS MULDER... AND THE CONTEST WILL BE SOON! I WILL HAVE MONEY TO PAY YOU!

I'M TAKING MY PICTURE TO ANTWERP AND THE WINNER WILL BE ANNOUNCED ON CHRISTMAS DAY!
BUT YOU MIGHT NOT WIN, BOY... AND I CANNOT DELAY THE RENT THAT LONG! THERE IS ONE THING I MIGHT DO...

AND AFTER BAAS MULDER HAS GONE...

THE NEXT DAY NELLO BEGINS HIS TRIP TO ANTWERP...

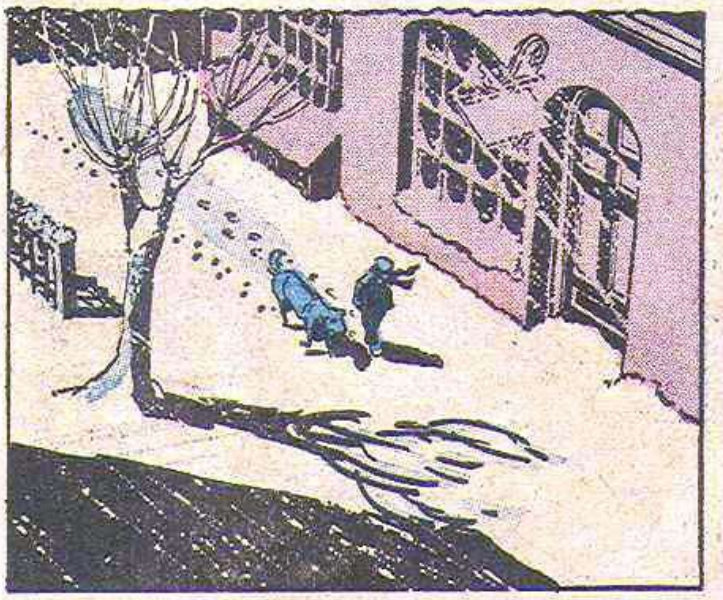
BUT AT PIET'S STUDIO...

AND FINALLY NELLO REACHES THE SITE OF THE ART CONTEST...

JUST TWO DAYS, PATRASCHE... THEN EVERYTHING WILL BE WONDERFUL AGAIN! WE CAN BUY FOOD...AND WOOD FOR THE FIRE...

THE BIG DAY FINALLY ARRIVES...
NOW WE WILL HEAR THE NEWS...

...AND THE WINNER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ... THIS TALENTED YOUNG MAN, PETER TENIER!
HURRAY!


BRAVELY FIGHTING BACK THE HOT TEARS, BUT DOWNHEARTED, NELLO HEADS HOME...

AND THAT NIGHT HE GOES TO ALOIS COGEZ' HOME ...
NELLO! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING HERE? COME INSIDE... YOU MUST BE FREEZING!

PATRASCHE WHIMPERS AND WHINES AS HIS YOUNG MASTER GOES OUT INTO THE NIGHT...

LATER...
STOP CRYING, CHILD ...AND TELL US WHERE NELLO WAS GOING!
I DON'T KNOW, PAPA! HE SAID HE HAD TO EARN MONEY...

I TRIED TO FEED PATRASCHE BUT HE WON'T EAT... HE JUST LIES BY THE DOOR...
THE CHILD WILL FREEZE TO DEATH ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS!

I'LL FIND HIM...I'LL BRING HIM BACK HERE... THE BOY WON'T STARVE!
OH, PAPA...I KNEW YOU WOULD UNDERSTAND! AND HURRY... FIND HIM PLEASE!

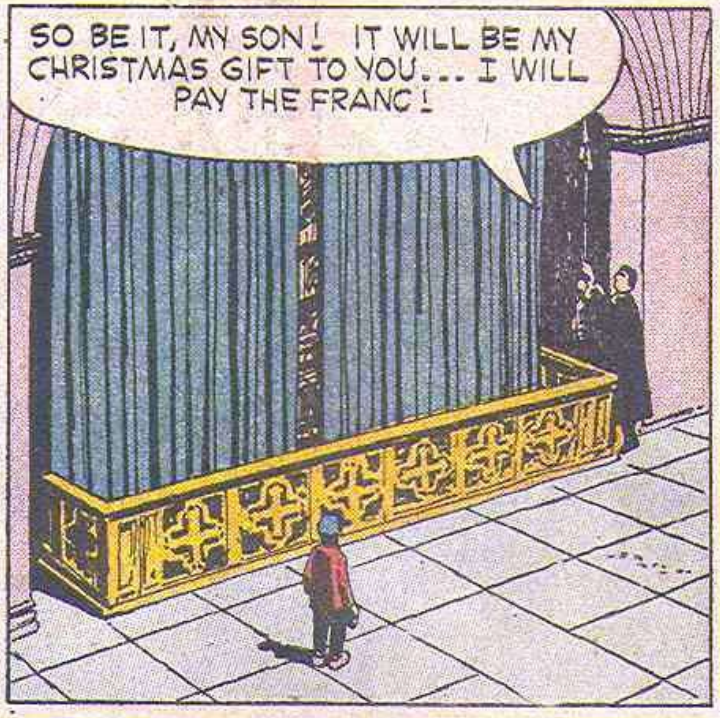
AS COGEZ STARTS OUT...
WHO...WHO ARE YOU?
I AM PIET VAN GELDER... THIS IS MY WIFE! WE WERE MARRIED JUST YESTERDAY! WE ARE LOOKING FOR NELLO, THE BOY WHO LIVES NEAR HERE!

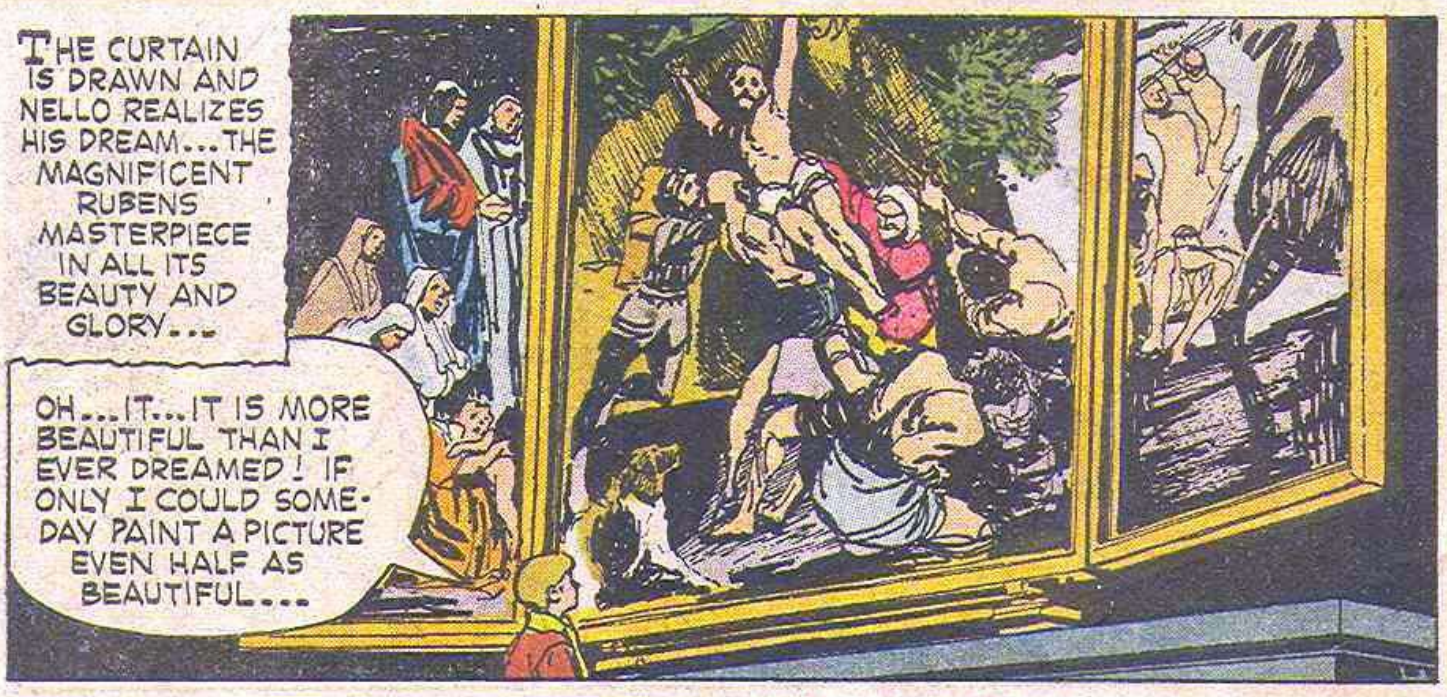
WE DON'T KNOW WHERE HE IS, SIR...I WAS ABOUT TO GO SEARCH FOR HIM! HE LEFT HIS DOG WITH MY DAUGHTER AND DISAPPEARED...IT IS MY INTENTION TO OFFER HIM A HOME HERE!
A HOME HERE? TO LEARN WHAT?

TO BE A MILLER ...TO GRIND WHEAT!
WHEAT? HE'S GOING TO LEARN TO GRIND COLOR! THE BOY IS AN ARTIST!

AND SO, MOMENTS LATER, PATRASCHE LEADS THE SMALL GROUP INTO THE COLD NIGHT...

AND AT THAT MOMENT...



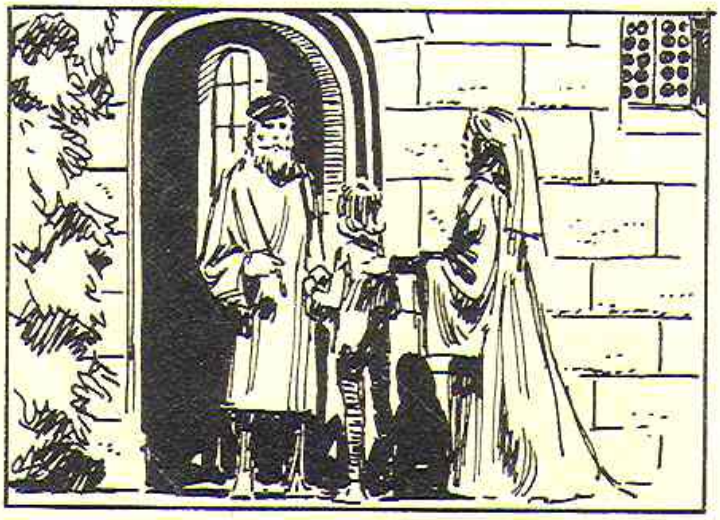


A PLEDGE DELL COMIC TO PARENTS

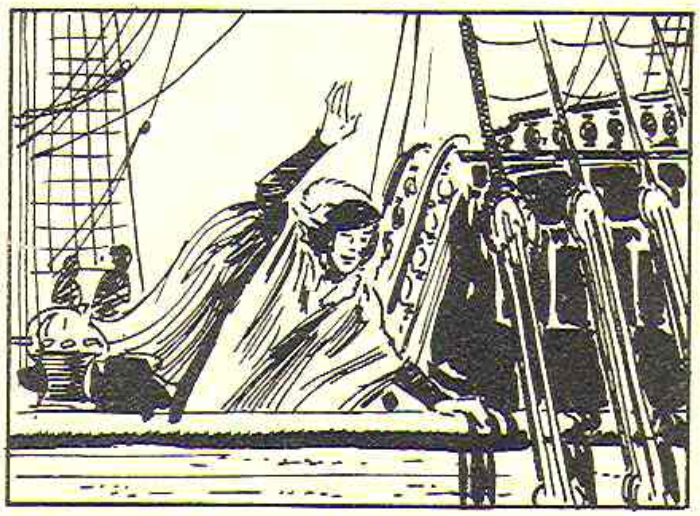
The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" *is our only credo and constant goal.*

An Artist of Flanders

If Peter Paul Rubens could have seen young Nello when the child entered the cathedral in Antwerp and beheld "The Descent from the Cross," the great Flemish master would have felt a kindredship for the boy.

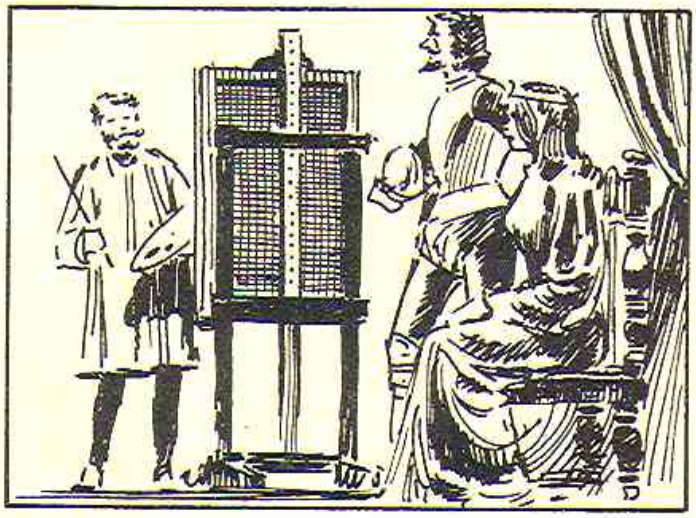


Like Nello, young Peter Paul loved art and wanted to paint. When he was ten years old, his widowed mother brought him to Flanders and enrolled him to study under the masters in Antwerp . . . the best in Europe.

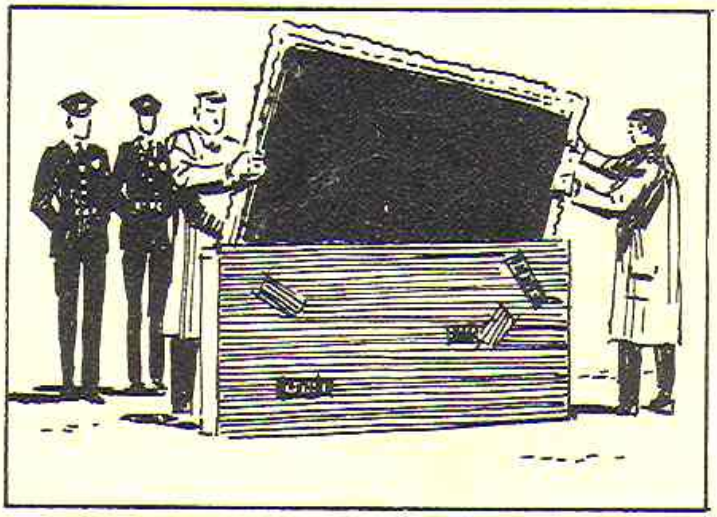


He learned fast, and within thirteen years he entered the service of the Italian Duke of Mantua, where he was commissioned to do a number of paintings.

From the Italian court, Rubens was launched on a diplomatist's career which resulted in his being knighted by Charles I of England and Philip IV of Spain.

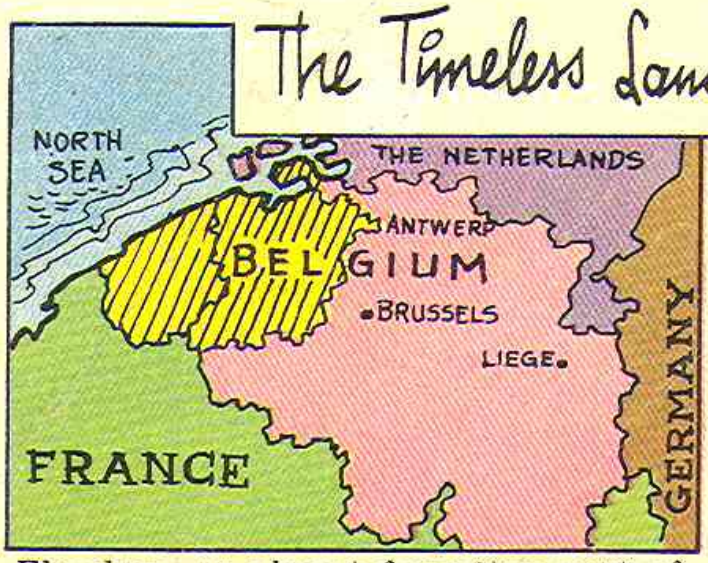


While serving in the courts of Europe, he painted portraits of monarchs and courtiers. So rapidly did he work that he became known as "a perfect wizard of his brush."

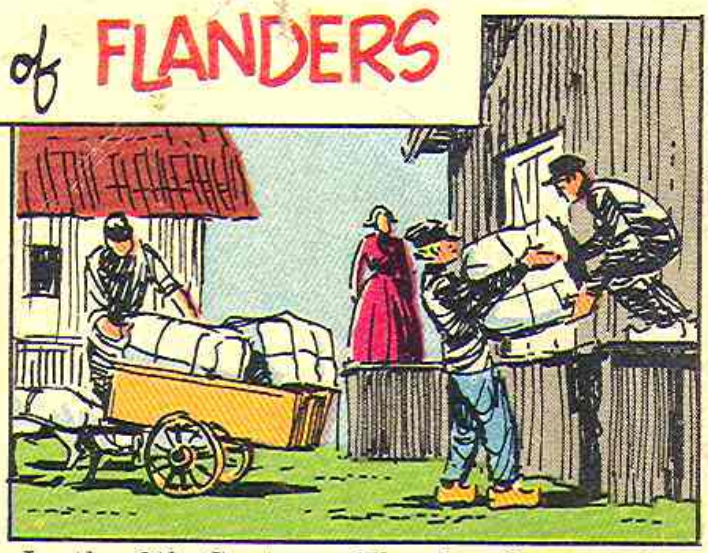


While Rubens made a wonderful living from his art, he would be amazed at what his paintings bring today. Recently, one "Rubens" sold for almost $1,000,000.00.

The Timeless Land of FLANDERS

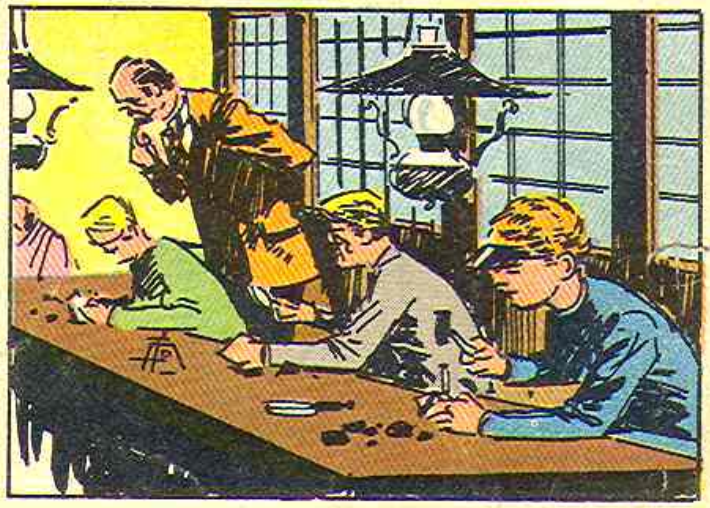


Flanders, an almost forgotten part of Europe, still exists today but as a part of Belgium. Steeped in medieval history, its people have contributed greatly to the commercial progress of Europe.

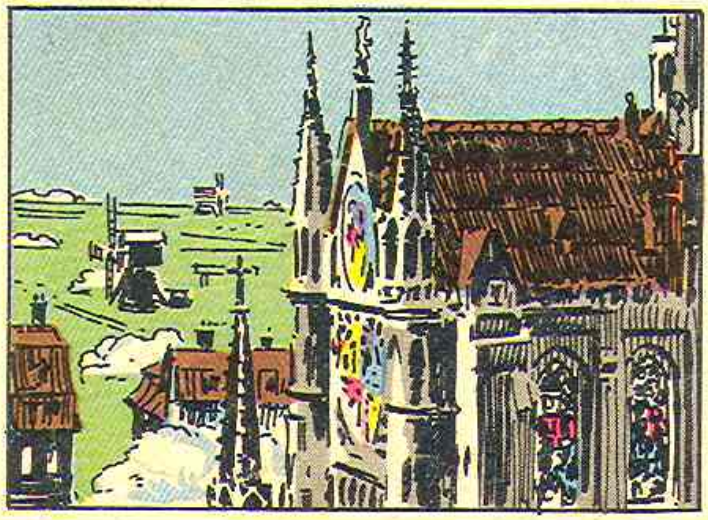


In the 9th Century, Flanders became the woolen center of the continent, with skilled weavers turning out material of finest quality. For centuries, flax grown in Flanders has been made into superior linen.

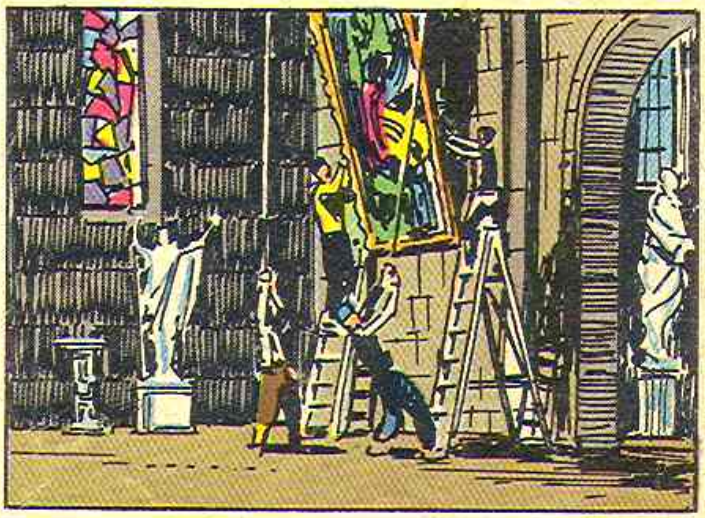
Lace, handmade by nimble-fingered artists, poured out of the small country and was greatly demanded all over the world, for men and women alike wore lace trimmings.



In a country where skills were many, diamond cutters discovered merit among the youths; and their patience and deftness soon supplied stones for a world market.



With so much wealth in the country, it is no wonder that a great number of beautiful and magnificent cathedrals were constructed . . . works of art which still stand.



But buildings without decorations were not pleasing to the people of Flanders, and soon a store of priceless art found sanctuary on the walls of the spired churches.